

## PLATT'S MAN IS THOMAS B. REED.

Figuring with Manley, Martin et al. Upon How to Defeat McKinley.

Fifth Avenue Hotel Gossips Openly Declare He Never Was for Morton.

It Is Asserted That He Begged of the Governor Not to Become a Candidate.

CONFERENCES WITH THE TIOGA MAN.

The Scheme Is Said to Be to Bring Out Favorite Sons at the St. Louis Convention—Danger in First Ballot.

To-morrow the Republican State Convention meets to endorse Governor Morton for the Presidential nomination, and yesterday Mr. Platt was planning with allies and lieutenants to defeat McKinley and nominate Thomas B. Reed. He saw many politicians from up the State, including Speaker Fish, James M. E. O'Grady, S. Fred Nixon and Francis Hendricks, and also Joseph H. Manley, chairman of the Republican National Executive Committee, who is Thomas B. Reed's manager. "Dave" Martin, of Philadelphia, Quay's old henchman, was also a visitor.

Mr. Platt is alarmed at the outlook. Despite his efforts to insure a solid Platt delegation to the National Convention from this State, the disaffected are much stronger than he expected. He is now face to face with a serious situation. All of the delegates from this State except two will probably be for Morton, but there is every prospect that sixteen or twenty will be anti-Platt delegates. In other words, a large proportion of the New York delegation will support Morton but refuse to be delivered by Mr. Platt to some other candidate. The anti-Platt men say they are for McKinley for two reasons. First, they know Mr. Platt is opposed to McKinley, and second, they believe Mr. Platt is anxious to nominate Mr. Reed, and is using Governor Morton as a stalking horse.

**NEVER FOR MORTON.**  
The attitude of the machine men is largely responsible for this. Privately, they tell how Mr. Morton will be beaten at the St. Louis convention, and say that Mr. Platt knows this. The story was current yesterday that Mr. Platt within the last five days had talked over the situation with his retainers, and admitted to them that Mr. Morton could not be nominated. He told these gentlemen, it is said, that he had been opposed to Morton's candidacy from the beginning; that he had asked the Governor not to run for the nomination, but that the Governor, deaf to all entreaties, insisted upon being a candidate. The gossips, furthermore, say—and these gossips are Platt men—that Mr. Platt has declared that several months ago he sent a letter to Mr. Morton asking him not to enter the race, but that the Governor persisted in announcing his candidacy.

The Governor's friends deny this story, and say that Mr. Platt, in at least six letters to the Governor, urged him to announce his candidacy several weeks before he did so.

Mr. Platt's position, in view of these stories, is peculiar. Mr. Morton's friends think that the gentleman from Tioga should either stop the circulation of such tales by his adherents or publicly deny that he has talked as he has been quoted. Whether or not there is truth in the reports the significance lies in the mere fact that they are being retailed by Platt's own men.

In the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday Mr. Platt's men were saying "McKinley is the real choice of this State" and "If the machine had not interposed, there would be more McKinley delegates than there are."

**REED THE REAL MAN.**

It did not require the conference of yesterday between Mr. Platt and Mr. Manley and Mr. Martin to convince many persons that Mr. Platt is not sincere in his support of Morton, and has never been sincere. Thomas B. Reed is the person Thomas C. Platt, Joseph H. Manley, James S. Clarkson, Matthew Stanley Quay and other wheel horses of the party desire to nominate. They have made a combination the like of which has seldom been seen to prevent McKinley's nomination. The programme is: First, knock out McKinley, then fight for the nomination.

"Dave" Martin is on the "outs" with Quay at present. Mr. Platt is anxious to get Mr. Martin into the combination and this subject is understood to have been the chief topic of conversation between them. Mr. Martin declined to be interviewed, but it is thought he will join the anti-McKinley combination if he can obtain a good position on the political checker-board by so doing. Owing to Pennsylvania's fondness for protection and leaning toward McKinley Martin has within him infinite possibilities for mischief, Mr. Platt thinks.

McKinley's nomination must be prevented at all hazards, the combination declares. In line with this policy the scheme is to prevent his nomination on the first ballot, and for that reason the field of starters must be as large as possible. Hence the entry of Quay, of Pennsylvania; Henry Clay Evans, of Tennessee; Governor Bradley, of Kentucky; Senator Manderson, of Nebraska; Shelby M. Culom, of Illinois, and Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota. The more favorite sons there are the fewer votes on the first ballot McKinley will get, and the theory is that if he is not nominated on the first ballot the field can beat him with Reed on the fourth, fifth and sixth ballots.

## FOR AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor to Hold an Important Session.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 22.—The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor will hold an important meeting here to-morrow, the object being to select a trade to make the fight throughout the United States for an eight-hour day, to begin May 1.

The council was selected at the national meeting in 1889 to act in a similar capacity, and members claim to-night that the movement was successful in 137 cities and embraced 46,197 persons as beneficiaries.

The movement at that time was confined to the carpenters and joiners, and the council will now select another trade with which to make the fight.

There is a probability that the painters of the country will be selected at this meeting, as they are well organized. If the bosses resist the demand, say the members of the council, a strike will result and the whole power of the Federation will be invoked to sustain the demand.

President Gompers will preside at the deliberations of the council, which will be in session for two or three days.

## FATHER AND SON UNITED.

A Young Man Whose Sister Married Ex-Mayor Gilroy's Son Brought It About.

Haverhill, Mass., March 22.—Hugh Ricker, a well-known sportsman of this city,

## BELLEVUE IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

Gates Tightly Barred and No One Admitted Without Close Scrutiny.

All Day Yesterday an Enemy Was Expected to Make an Attack but Didn't.

The Invaders Were to Come from Ward's Island in the Shape of Lunatics and Keepers.

## STATE HOSPITAL MAKES NO MOVE.

While Bellevue Authorities Were Watching the Enemy's Tug, Expecting Invasion, the Insane Women Were Being Cared For.

Bellevue Hospital yesterday and last night presented the appearance of a citadel in a state of siege. Boats were shot and barricades maintained to guard against



ANTONIO REXACH AND HIS WIFE, ENCARNACION, WHO PLANNED TO DIE TOGETHER.

## WAS LOYAL IN DEATH'S SHADOW.

Beside His Wife's Body Rexach Awaited the End They Had Planned.

She Died in His Arms and Neighbors Found Them in a Stifling Chamber.

Life Still Remained to the Husband, Who Had Vowed Not to Outlive Her Whom He Adored.

## CLIMAX OF LONG SUFFERINGS.

When Poverty Had Usurped Wealth and Incurable Disease Had Seized the Wife They Resolved to Meet the End Together.

The sufferings of Antonio Rexach and his young wife came to a tragic end yesterday. She had been lingering with an incurable malady for six months, and her husband, who was her devoted lover, had nursed her with the resolve to end his own life the moment she expired. They were poor, and their sorrows had passed all bounds.

In the early morning of yesterday she died. He left a letter saying that she had died in his arms as he was about to give her nourishment. There were other letters, that he had written before, from which it might be suspected that he had hastened her end, but the Coroner's autopsy showed that she died of sheer exhaustion.

Then he who had loved her so tenderly and cared for her so devotedly calmly and deliberately set about to destroy his own life by inhaling poisonous coal gas. The landlord of the house and a policeman broke into the room before he could carry out his design, and he was sent to the hospital. But at midnight, and again at a very early hour this morning, word comes from the hospital that he is rapidly sinking, and will not see the rise of the sun. So that he will probably succeed in his design after all.

You are now about to read the story of a man who had many faults and many weaknesses, but who suffered more than falls to the lot of most men to bear, and who, through it all, loved his wife to adoration.

Between six and seven years ago there came from Spain to this country Antonio Rexach, who was then twenty-eight years old; his wife, his brother and his mother. They were originally from Barcelona, but since the death, some thirteen years ago, of Joaquin Rexach, who had emigrated to Barcelona from Germany, his widow and sons had lived in Madrid.

The family had once been wealthy, but after the death of their father the two sons had begun the manufacture of perfumery in Madrid, in which they sank most of their money. Nevertheless, they were still in comfortable circumstances and the widow Rexach, upon her arrival in New York, had, in letters of credit, jewels and cash, no less than \$40,000. They went to live at the Hotel America on Irving Place. They lived sumptuously, and in a few years their money was gone. It had gone through their hands like water, and they had not even profited by the experience. The jewels were sold and that money went, too. And when nearly everything that could be sold had been disposed of, Mrs. Rexach and her son Joaquin returned to Spain, where they still had wealthy connections, and Antonio and his wife remained here. It is in these two that this story centers.

**LOVE BECAME ADORATION.**  
The wife of Antonio was named Encarnacion. She came of a poor, unknown family called Crespo, and she was very beautiful. Antonio had married her for her beauty, and his love had grown into a fierce adoration that often startled her and made his friends remonstrate with him. Throughout their married life they remained passionately in love with each other, and the life and happiness of each seemed bound up in that of the other.

It is necessary to refer to their struggles to obtain the means of subsistence, but you must remember that in their life these struggles played but a paltry part. So devoted was Antonio to his wife that he would have picked rags or swept street crossings the livelong day, thinking always of her and forgetting all that he had done the moment he was with her.

It almost seems incredible that such a pure, idyllic attachment could exist in this prosaic town between two creatures who were compelled by a hard necessity to struggle and to suffer, yet there is not a single fact in this case which does not point with emphasis to that conclusion. Antonio went to work as a cigar maker. It took but a short time to learn the trade, the hours were not very long and the pay was sufficient to keep him and his wife. In addition to that his mother occasionally sent him money and his cousin, Florida Palmer, who lives at 100 West 124th street, was frequently assisting him.

**WIFE HAD HER OWN WAY.**  
The Rexachs had gone to West 124th street, in a second floor. The old Mr. Henry Wolff, grocer and their attachment, a profound impression, a frequent visitor to found that Mrs. Rexach was of wide range, with a human nature, a charm of manner which had won the heart of her husband. And yet

## SHE TRIED MURDER AND THEN SUICIDE.

Desperate Measures of a Woman to Avenge Her Wrongs.

Went Home After Shooting the Man, and There Made the Attempt on Her Own Life.

Wanted to Die, She Said, but Unwilling That He Should Live to Deceive Others.

## NEITHER EXPECTED TO RECOVER.

Much Sympathy Expressed for the Unfortunate Woman and Her Family, and Great Indignation for the Man Who Passed as Her Husband.

Lancaster, Pa., March 22.—Henry Thompson, who was shot yesterday at the Keystone House here, by Miss Bertie MacConnell, with whom he was living as husband, under the name of J. C. MacConnell and wife, is still alive, but there are no hopes of his recovery.

The physicians have located the ball sent into his forehead over the left eye in the brain, part of which has exuded from the wound. His right eye is terribly swollen, but it is believed the second shot the woman says she fired passed into the brain through the eye.

Up to noon, Thompson displayed remarkable vitality, but he then began sinking rapidly. He declared this morning that he did not know who shot him, nor when he was shot, and says he wished he did, for he would tell. When told that he could not recover, he said he knew it, and only asked to be allowed to die in peace. He now lies at the house of his brother, George Thompson, in this city.

Thompson was an agent and collector of the Singer Sewing Machine Company for several years, and since last Summer has been connected with the office here. Miss MacConnell came to the Keystone House on January 19, and two days later was joined by her supposed husband. Since then they have been boarding off and on at the hotel, and were an apparently happy couple. They were seen together in their room by the clerk on Friday night, and appeared to be on friendly terms. Thompson himself declares they had no quarrel.

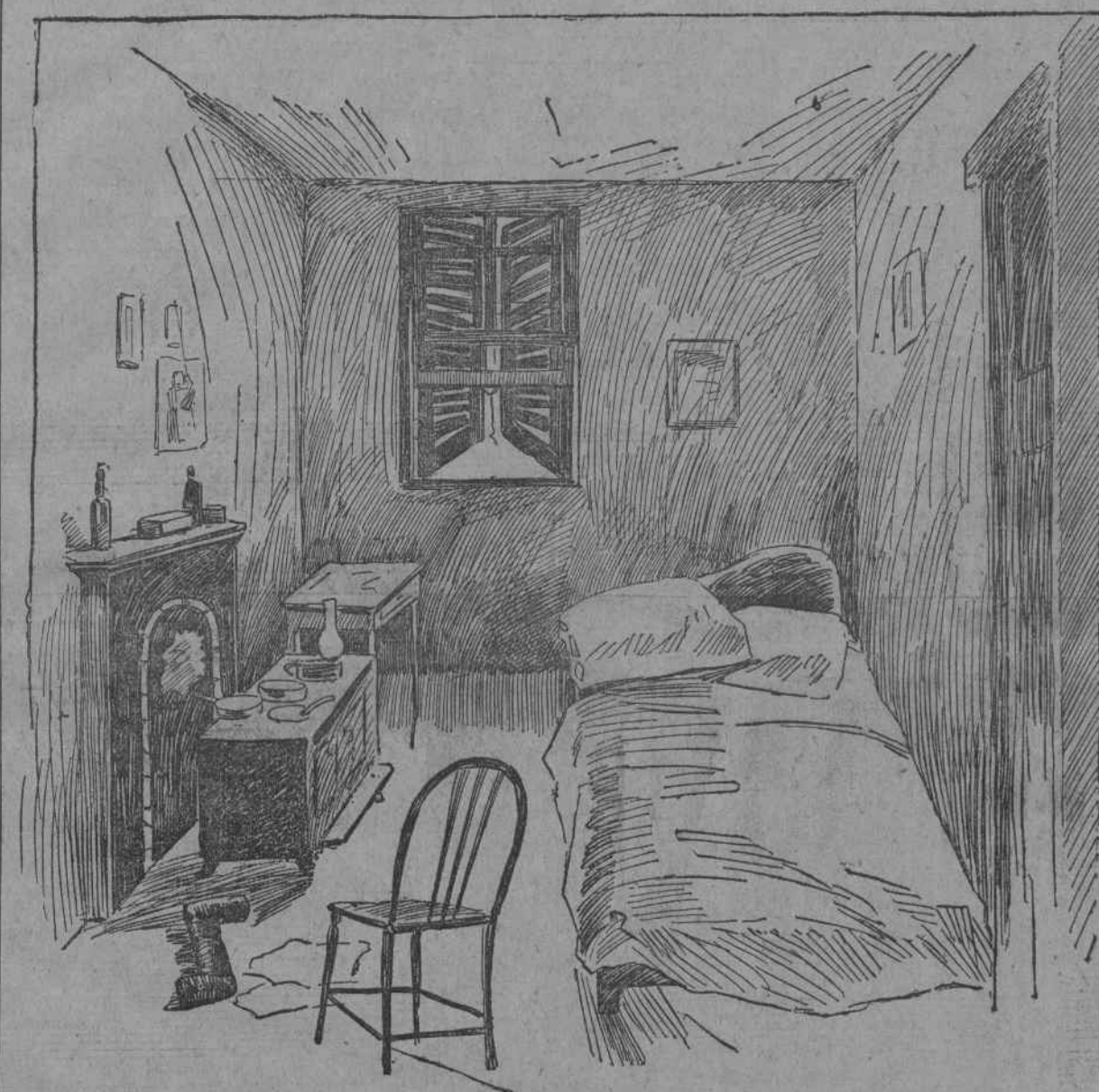
After the shooting Miss MacConnell calmly walked out of the room and took a train for Coatesville, the home of her parents. Arriving there she quietly entered the house, and going upstairs, placed the revolver to her breast and fired, the ball passing through her lungs and lodging in her back. She then informed her parents, who immediately called in a physician. He located the ball, but expressed the opinion that the case was hopeless.

Miss MacConnell passed a restless night, her mind apparently wandering at times. At one time she expressed the hope that Thompson was dead. She fired two shots, she said, for fear one might not kill him. She declared Thompson had deceived her and blighted her life, and having nothing to live for she made up her mind to kill herself. She wanted Thompson to die, so he could not blight the lives of others. To-day Chief of Police Hartley brought suit before Alderman Cummings against Miss MacConnell, charging her with felonious assault and battery, with intent to kill, and an officer was sent to Coatesville and served a warrant on the woman at her father's home. This afternoon she was still alive, but beyond hope of recovery. The feeling in Coatesville against Thompson is intense, while much sympathy is expressed for Miss MacConnell and her family.

## MRS. GARDNER'S DANCE.

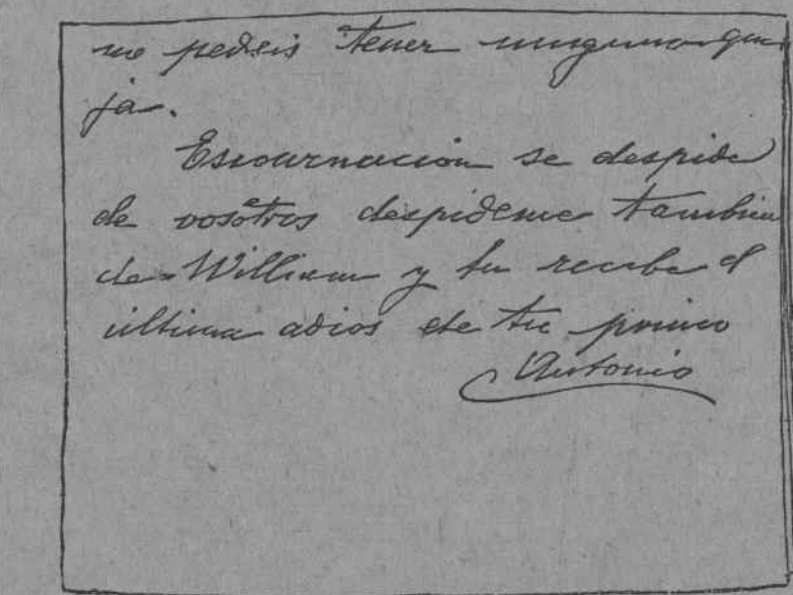
This Famous Society Woman to Appear as a Nautch Dancer.

Boston, Mass., March 22.—Mrs. John L. Gardner, famed far and near as "Mrs. Jack, the society leader," has decided on another innovation which will give the other three hundred and ninety-nine another surprise. This time, instead of adopting some noted pianist or other imported lion, she has determined to appear in public as a Nautch dancing girl at the artists' festival, Miss Helen McCoy, Miss Conant and Miss Corina Shattuck, who are to be the Queens of Bagdad, will have eighteen dancing girls in their retinue, and Mrs. Jack will be one of these. Mr. Holter Abbott will be the high priest; Mr. Winthrop Pierce is to impersonate the caliph, and Mr. John C. Abbott to be the grand vizier and master of ceremonies. The proceeds go to charity.



THE KITCHEN WHERE REXACH WAS FOUND AT THE FEET OF HIS DEAD WIFE.

He had stopped the cracks of the room with paper and removed the pipe from the cook stove, making a death chamber by the escaping of coal gas. Devoted to his wife, he was faithful unto death, and when she died he sought to follow her. The window was opened by the Coroner.



The Last Portion of Rexach's Farewell Letter to His Cousin.

has found a son. As this son is twenty-six years of age, six feet tall and has a good position, Hugh is not a bit sorry.

Years ago Ricker met and loved a pretty waitress. Hugh was a Protestant and his sweetheart a Catholic, but they were wed and lived happily for five years. A boy was born and the question of his religious training was a disputed one. One day wife and baby left him. Ricker finally found his wife, but the son, the father thought was dead. Yesterday Frank, the son, walked into his father's shop and laconically ejaculated: "Hello, pop!" It took some time to explain matters and the scene that followed was an affecting one.

The son told how he had visited almost every country on the globe, serving first in the merchant marine service and later as a marine with Uncle Sam. In Yokohama he met young Walter Hale, of this city. Young Hale's sister is the wife of the son of ex-Mayor Gilroy, of New York. Hale was struck with the resemblance Ricker bore to his friend in Haverhill, and told him of the latter. His name and history corresponded with stories told him by his mother, and he started for home. After finding his father he called the meeting of the meeting to Hale.

## A FAMILY WANTS OFFICE.

Father, Mother and Son Are Candidates in a Suburb of Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 22.—Carthage, a suburb of this city, has an independent ticket in the field, on which are the names of a father, mother and their son. They are R. C. Phillips, for township clerk; Mrs. Phillips, for member of the Board of Education, and Harry Phillips, the son, for Councilman.

Mrs. Phillips only agreed to run for the office after William Burch, the original women's candidate, had refused to accept the nomination.

R. C. Phillips has been township clerk for three terms, while young Phillips has just entered the field for public office. There are eight boys in the family, who will cast their votes for their parents and brother.

## SAVED BY A STOMACH PUMP.

Commercial Traveller Bales Drank Chloroform and Ether.

Watertown, N. Y., March 22.—J. L. Bales, aged thirty years, a commercial traveller, of Rochester, entered the office of Dr. F. D. Kilborn here at noon to-day and asked for medicine for stomach trouble. While the Doctor's back was turned Bales drank three ounces of chloroform and ether. A few physicians worked over him four hours before they could restore him to consciousness.

Bales says he thought the poison was gin and did not intend suicide. The bottle was plainly marked "chloroform and ether."

## PREFERRED DEATH TO MISERY.

Suicide of a Woman Who Could Not Help Her Suffering Children.

Albany, N. Y., March 22.—Destitute, hungry and worried because her children were suffering from the pangs of hunger while she could do nothing for them, Mrs. Minnie O'Neill, of No. 180 Green street, this city, ended her life this afternoon. She swallowed nearly two ounces of carbolic acid, which, although it was diluted, was strong enough to cause her death an hour after she took the poison. The O'Neills finally live in a double tenement house and was one of the families made poorer by the recent freshet.